

Metric, Love Is Place

there's spring in the air
they're sweeping the streets
wind is a breeze
the sun becomes her he agrees

what's holding up her face?
nothing but blue skies
passage ways to windows
that don't close

where do you live?
love is a place
where are you from?
She says, ask yourself ask anyone
what's holding up her face
nothing but blue skies
passage ways the mind's eye
contemplates